The. This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colte: hee knowes not the ſtoppe. A good moral! my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake; but to ſpeake true.

Hyp. Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child on a Recorder, a ſound; but not in gouernement.

The. His ſpeach was like a tangled Chaine; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus, *and* Thisby, *and* Wall, *and* Moone-ſhine, *and* Lyon.

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow,
But, wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine,
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would knowe:
This beautious Lady *Thiſby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and roughcaſt, doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through wals chinke, poore ſoules, they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with lanterne, dogge, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe louers thinke no ſcorne
To meete at *Ninus* tombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizly beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thyſby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall:
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, ſweete youth, and tall,
And findes his truſty *Thiſbyes* mantle ſlaine:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boyling bloody breaſt.
And *Thiſby*, tarying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-ſhine*, *Wall*, and louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they doe remaine,

The. I wonder, if the Lyon be to ſpeake.

Demet. No wonder, my Lord. One Lyon may, when many Aſſes doe.

Exit Lyon, Thysby, *and* Mooneſhine.

Wall. In this ſame enterlude it doth befall,
That I, one *Flute* (by name) preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I would haue you thinke
That had in it a cranied hole or chinke:
Through which the louers, *Pyramus*, and *Thisby*,
Did whiſper often, very ſecretly.
This lome, this roughcaſt, and this ſtone doth ſhowe,
That I am that ſame wall: the truth is ſo.
And this the cranie is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearefull louers are to whiſper.

The. Would you deſire lime and haire to ſpeake better?

Deme. It is the wittieſt partition, that euer I heard diſcourſe, my Lord.

The. *Pyramus* drawes neare the wall: ſilence.

Py. O grim lookt night, o night, with hue ſo blacke,
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbyes* promiſe is forgot.
And thou ô wall, ô ſweete, ô louely wall,
That ſtandſt betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, ô wall, O ſweete and louely wall,
Showe mee thy chinke, to blink through, with mine eyne,
Thankes curteous wall. *Ioue* ſhield thee well, for this.
But what ſee I? No *Thiſby* doe I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whome I ſee no bliſſe,
Curſt be thy ſtones, for thus deceiuing mee.

The. The wall mee thinkes, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe againe.

Pyr. No, in truth Sir, he ſhould not. *Deceiuing mee* is *Thiſbyes* cue: ſhe is to enter now, and I am to ſpy
Her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall